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A

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY

OF

SERGEANT ABRAHAM B. SAVERY,

OF

CO. I, MASSACHUSETTS SEVENTH REGIMENT.

Died Dec. 16, 1863.

William Webster Belden

PROVIDENCE:
COOKE, JACKSON & CO., PRINTERS, EVENING PRESS OFFICE, 16 WEYBOSSET ST.
1864.

Sergeant ABRAHAM BAILEY SAVERY was born in Attleboro, Mass., May 23, 1837.

His parents were Doctor Phineas Savery and Sallie Bailey, both of Attleboro.

His youth was spent in his native town, receiving the best education which our High School could give.

June, 1861, he enlisted as a private in Co. I, 7th Regiment Mass. Vols., where he discharged his duties as a loyal Christian soldier, until his untimely death, Dec. 16, 1863. He died of pleurisy, after an illness of 8 days. His remains were brought to Attleboro, and buried with military honors on the 24th Dec. The funeral was attended at the Congregational Church by a large concourse of our citizens.

We have printed and put into covers this little book, as a simple tribute to the memory of a brave and beloved Christian brother.

May the large circle of deeply afflicted friends be comforted by our humble efforts.

W. W. B.

Attleboro, January, 1864.

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places."—2 Sam. 1. 19.

We are gathered to-day in the discharge of a mournful duty. No more fitting words for us, could be found in all the precious Bible than David's lament at the burial of Jonathan —none more appropriate to the occasion which convenes us to-day. Spoken originally at the grave of a soldier, by the soldier-king of Israel, they have a singular aptness now. David, the militant man of God, was called to bury his beloved friend. This older son of Saul was a princely man, worthy of the love of such a kingly soul as the noblest son of Judah—their affection was mutual, brave and undying. Their souls were knit together in the enduring bonds of love. No wonder then as the messenger from the battle-field came to tell of the death of Jonathan that the Hebrew King rent his clothes, mourned, fasted and wept. No wonder in pronouncing his eulogy he uttered words of radiance and sorrow, at once the sweetest and the saddest that ever fell from human lips. "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan. Very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love was wonderful—passing the love of woman."

Oh, Jonathan, thou and thy kingly father wert "swifter than eagles, stronger than lions, lovely and pleasant in thy lives, and in death not divided." Then his grief became so great that he apostrophized nature: "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let their be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings—" tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askalon, lest the Philistines rejoice; oh ye daughters of *Jerusalem weep*, for the beauty of Israel is slain upon the mountains." For thirty months our land has been full of mourning—the lament is everywhere, and oh the multitudes of shadowed homes and smitten hearts, bleeding and weeping for the slain beauty of our Israel. We have heard the muffled drum far away, and near too. Heart wails sounded in the distance like the dying of summer winds on the shore of the ocean. Anon the swelling tide of grief rolled in nearer

and nearer, and the air grew dark, and the war blast louder and louder, till at last the billows have broken on the threshold of our homes, and we, *afflicted brethren and friends*, must take up this same chorus of woe. When a peasant dies, a few wrap him in his shroud and lay him in his rural rest, but when a Christian hero dies, the town, or the nation mourns,—precious, loving friends, taking up the lament, tenderly and sorrowfully bear him to his burial. The death of the faithful Christian soldier who freely gives his life for his country is no ordinary event, and demands of those who speak at his funeral more than common words of sympathy and love.

The very name of soldier has been admired in all ages. The sublimity of war, the grandeur of its operations, its thrilling scenes of danger, all conspire to throw around the names of daring and heroic men a halo of glory. The death of a faithful soldier at his post is one of the sublimest sights the sun ever beheld. In excavating the ruins of Herculanium, the skeleton of a Roman soldier was found in his place at the gate of the city grasping his spear in his bony fingers. He beheld the stream of volcanic ashes and fire pouring down upon the doomed city and saw his own death-warrant on its foremost wave, but *unmoved*, he remained at his post, leaving his bones there as a monument of his fidelity. No prouder sarcophagus stands to-day in all the sunny land of Italy. So brethren, to die a Christian soldier at the post of duty—in the service of his God and his country—is among the highest honor of mortals. Such a man's death demands of us, who knew his virtues and loved his memory, to pronounce words of truth and of love, of radiance and instruction at his grave.

I would speak first of an element of character which every faithful soldier possesses, viz: *Manliness*—by which I mean *magnanimity*. The true meaning of magnanimity is "greatness of soul." It partakes more of the moral than of the intellectual. It includes courage, self-denial, and benevolence—also that reserved force of character which belongs to every brave and virtuous soul. About this manliness there is a charm and a power never seen in the selfish soul who has no spirit of magnanimity, no true largeness of heart, such as beats in unison with the throbbings of our common humanity. Our estimate of the man himself is far above all external relations, all titles and all the surroundings of life. Personal worth is above official station, and lends it honor. Character

is above all conditions of life. The living glory of the inner man is that which sheds lustre upon rank and station; without which all the relations of life, all the positions of influence, numerous and influential, are but as the hollow pageant of an hour. There is much of empty honor in this world—clothed sometimes with imperial power, it may be with more than regal splendor, but empty as the wind. "Princes are often made of the poorest stuff, the very chaff of mankind. There have been heroes too, fame-smitten for the hour, in whose death the world finds no calamity," while many a royal soul has passed from the living unheard of—gone up from American battle fields to join the ranks of the ransomed above. Such a death, no matter how humble the hero, makes the *world a mourner*—because the cause for which he dies is the cause of humanity—*because the man is above the office.* Brethren, it is *personal worth* that crowns life and death with *imperial honor.* It is the divine commission, and sceptred sway of royalty in the soul, that lifts one into grandeur of life, above all ephemeral significance, and that embalms the Christian hero's death in unfeigned sorrow, and enshrines his memory in the golden casket of the heart. The glory of Christian manhood,—the lustre of virtue radiates all life's hemisphere. This is what makes his life's sunset—the night and the anguish of the world—and makes so sublimely instructive the solemn emphasis of death. When a good young man dies, humanity is poorer. When an heroic soul passes away it is fitting the living should pause in solemn recognition of it, and out of their reverence and affection carve immortal shrines for his memory.

I repeat the sentiment—we look for the true soldier "*first in the man.*" The greater contains the less. What is it that wins love and makes the world take its noblest sons to its heart and cherish them fondly? *Manliness—true Christian manliness.* It is this, and not fame nor rank that awakens lasting admiration. Emperors have gone down to the grave from hights of power, blazing in gold and purple, without a mourner; but when a MAN DIES, *humanity mourns.* Intelligence, magnanimity, generosity, self-forgetfulness in the interests of others, an heroic devotion to the welfare of men and the glory of God, exemption from all meanness, all pretence and affectation—these are the things that grasp the heart of the world and live in the grateful remembrances of

men when all *pageant is dead.* It is because of the death of our precious friend who embodied these manly elements so beautifully, that there is a sudden veiling of a brightness we shall see no more, and so there 's such a depth of tenderness resting upon our sorrow. I come, my hearers, to bring you a cluster of rose-buds for your cypress wreath—to speak to you, tenderly, of one with whom you are all familiar, from your childhood. I can tell you only what you so well knew. Noble by nature, nobler by education, we can all say with his commanding officer, "I bear eager testimony not only to the efficiency of the soldier, but to the *genuineness of the man.*" Born in your village, trained in your schools, the playmate and shopmate of many of you, your friend and associate in all the pastimes and pursuits of our virtuous youth, a member of the same High School, Reading Circle, Choir, Church and Sabbath School with so many of my youthful flock.

Slight in form, frail in health, impulsive in spirit, of an active, inquiring, cultivated mind, attaining a higher intellectual position than many young men of his age, with a high sense of honor, modest and unassuming, never appreciating his own powers, diffident and distrustful of himself, he had an unaffected modesty which in these days is so rare a jewel, therefore so precious—*a real diamond of character.* Always truthful, conscientious, generous in disposition, kind of heart, capable of noble purpose and lofty plans. Such a man was Abraham Savery. The first sound of an assault on government developed the manly and heroic nature which dwelt in the soul of the magnanimous boy. He gave himself to his country at once, with the same self-denying spirit that had characterized him evermore.

I am reminded that he was an affectionate and dutiful son. The death of his father, the "beloved physican" of Attleboro, ten years since, devolved upon Abraham, for the most part, the support of his remaining parent. His kindness and love for this widowed mother was remarkable. He was unwearied and dilligent in his devotion to that afflicted parent, doing so much to smooth and to brighten her rugged and somber way.

Patriotism was a ruling principle in his soul. He went to the war from noble motives. He writes a friend: "Patriotism must be at a low ebb in A. to need bounty money to

lead our boys to enlist." And again these stirring sentiments: "The price of a man's life set down at $300. Gold is a *contemptible thing* to give men, who love life as well as we do, to face the cannon's mouth. No paltry pay of pelf can take the place of patriotism in the defence of one's own country." Noble utterances, worthy the epitaph of the noblest Spartan that perished at Thermopyle, or of American veterans on the battlefields of Virginia. Our beloved friend, *who now lies before us cold in death*, would say, if he could speak: "If you want good soldiers, inspire them with the principles of Christian patriotism, gird them and flank them with the holy pledges of the heart." Such soldiers, brethren, when we find them, we should honor them, living, and at death, not only eulogize their virtues, but embalm their memories in the holiest shrines of the human soul. Some eleven months ago he was home on a furlough, recovering from a severe illness—the days flew swiftly, and before his strength was good again his furlough expired, loving ones gladly sought to detain him, but the impulse of duty bade him return—his brave comrades were in the field, why should *he* linger? The romance of war was gone, he had been in several battles, and knew too well their stern, sad fate. His bosom friend fell at Fredericksburgh.* He knew he was going back to danger, perhaps to *death*. Hundreds not so ill as he had sought and obtained a discharge. He did not hesitate to return, but went cheerfully and promptly. The sense of duty—the impulse of patriotism—the voice of his country urged him on. I know patriotism is *not* religion; although, Christianity produces the loftiest, purest patriotism, and when this is hallowed by virtue and sanctified by God's religion, it is sublime. Such, we have the best reason to know was the character of our beloved friend. His letters from the army were remarkable for breadth of views—depth of thought—vividness of description—and for purity of affection, as hundreds of those precious missives received by loving friends and treasured by them, will testify. (See extracts from letters.) We have spoken of Sergt. Savery as the Christian soldier. As we said of his manliness so we may say of his piety—he was both a *man* and a *Christian before* he was a *soldier*—born of pious parents—consecrated to God in infancy, before this altar—nurtured in a Christian family—receiving the early religious culture of that family—

*Corporal Keith, of Co. I, from Bridgewater, Mass.

and of the Sabbath School in this church, the subject of early religious impressions, and the object of prayer. In youth he became interested in the matter of personal salvation, and about the age of 18, in company with more than twenty friends and youthful companions, made a public profession of faith in Christ.

That he adorned that profession by a humble, consistent, prayerful walk and conversation you will bear me record. We have before noted his natural modesty—this prevented his being prominent in any public duties; but he was ever in his place at Church—in the Sabbath School and prayer meeting—a still, devout and sincere worshipper. He loved the courts of our God, oh how dearly, and sought them how diligently. He loved the *house* of God, the *word* of God and the *friends* of God. Religion in him was not emotion, but a *life*, a *principle*, "having the root of the matter in it." He seemed governed in all his plans of life and rules of conduct by a high regard for the glory of God, and the weal of man; hence the sacrifices he was willing to make and did make for Christ's Church and the country he loved. How much has a mother, who for years has been dependent on his filial love, to console her in her lonely and shadowed life in the memory of such a son, and those afflicted brothers and sisters far away. What a crowd of mourners I behold. A church in mourning—a congregation in mourning—a whole community in mourning; our homes, our hearts, our households in sorrow, because we have lost a friend and a brother; but what we have lost *heaven has gained, and oh what a treasure; a true, pure, brave,* YOUNG *faithful heart, ransomed by the blood of Jesus.*

How much would we give to buy that dear life back again, but we cannot—we cannot bribe the relentless death angel, we cannot recall the past—we cannot reverse the purposes of God. Yet, his unstained memory and untarnished life is a thousand times more precious than his actual presence could be without them. Still we may weep for the *early dead*, our Saviour set us the example. Jesus, the world's Redeemer, wept once at a burial—it was at the grave of a *young man.* So of our precious dead. Slain upon the threshold of a noble manhood, growing in strength and in beauty of character. His genial, generous, affectionate nature drew around him tried and warm friends—true hearted and sincere. The

pride of his Puritan blood had no arrogance but a manly independence allied to Christian modesty, which qualities insured him, if not a brilliant, an honorable career. Though he bore up bravely amid hardship and defeat, yet his sensitive spirit felt keenly the want of success in many of the army movements. Still he was not discouraged, as his letters show. He says: "This croaking, grumbling and fault-finding of traitors at home has lost us many a splendid victory;" but "after all, God reigns and He does not always give the just cause a speedy triumph." Reverses, instead of disheartening a manly soul, only kindle an intenser indignation and develop a more determined spirit of resistance to wrong. All this suffering of our noble boys—all this hunger, cold and heat—fatigue—long and weary marches—all this carnage and death has some compensations. There is the proud thought that by all this suffering and sacrifice, they have helped to win the battle for the free, and to give a noble country the resurrection of a consecrated and better life. Let us then, through eyes dimmed with tears, look up and see the radiance of a holier light streaming down over the crystal walls. Let us thank God that he gave to one whom we so dearly loved, so noble a work to do on earth, and that he enabled him to do it so faithfully and so well; that he died in the way of duty in the defense of right; that he left behind him so pure a life—so stainless a name—*so sweet and precious a memory.* That having fulfilled his earthly mission, and yielded up his young and beautiful life upon the sacred altar of freedom, he has gone to join the noble army of Christian martyrs which surround the Throne with songs of victory, and so to share the triumphs of his Redeemer and to dwell in the presence of His glory and His love forever.

We thank God for the record of such lives. It is one of the sad, but consoling lessons of our day. The hallowed memories of our soldier-dead running back from pews in this house of prayer to graves in yonder cemetery. Oh, what precious legacies to these shrouded hearts and to Christ's Church. Their spirit shall never die. It shall outlive the ruins of empires, and of eras, and passing through the web of time, a shuttle in the hands of the Almighty, shall weave the bright colors of self-denial, loyalty to God and liberty, into the mighty fabric of human souls, which shall be unrolled at the judgment and then hung up as the golden tapestry of heaven. The Christian hero dying for his country is a matchless mar-

tyr. You talk about the glory of the statesman's death, and a conquerer's death—whose dying bed is made of the broken weapons of a bannered host. History tells "of the great Cæsar, who in dying, first gazed on the marble brow of Pompey, and then arranged his robes to lie with becoming dignity in death." It tells us of Nelson before his last battle, saying, "now for a peerage or Westminster Abbey;" but in none of these is there an heroic element *so pure, so unselfish* as is developed on American battle fields. Oh, brethren, to die a Christian Soldier with your eye fixed on the great Captain of your salvation. Such a death is not only SUBLIME *but glorious.* Mere earthly fame grows dim, dwindles and darkens into night beside such triumphs. How precious the legacy and lessons of such lives. Who can compute their value and their influence to ours and the coming ages? When the history of this awful rebellion shall be written by some unborn Bancroft, Irving, or Everett, the brightest pages in the annals of our nation's memory shall be filled with the names of Christian heroes—*the Liberty-loving soldiers who have died to save their country.*

YOUNG MEN—I have portrayed before you the life of a beloved youth—your friend and mine. I hold him up for your emulation. Let the light of his good example shine upon you and make your life bright, pure and happy. His last battle has been fought; his last march made; his last victory won; no drum beat will ever rouse him from his slumbers—he has gone to that genial clime where war is unknown—where the peace of God fills the soul. Some of you, with him, were members of the noble Army of the Union. Others of you I hope will be. A grateful country will remember you when peace shall again lift her *white banner* over the proud dome of our Capitol, and the flag you love shall again wave triumphant over a country united and free, then it will be your pride and glory, and the rich inheritance of your children, that you gave yourselves to that country in her hour of need. *Oh, be loyal also to your God;* give yourselves *first to Christ.* There is a battle greater than any earthly one, to be fought, there is a fight of faith within your own souls, there is a victory to be won here, and a crown of righteousness unfading and eternal in the heavens. Jesus, the great Captain of your salvation calls you. I exhort you as his minister "to

prepare to meet your God." From that soldier's coffin there rises an appeal far more eloquent than human voice can make. It sounds out the same notes, "*prepare to meet thy God.*" That pale face—those mute lips appeal to all your *manhood*—to all your *patriotism*—to all your *immortality*, to prepare to meet death as your comrade has done. Then can you follow where this young hero so nobly led—to the battle field—to victory and to the grave of the *Christian soldier whose soul is marching on to rest in the bosom of his God.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF SERG'T SAVERY.

In answer to a letter containing intelligence of the death of a dearly loved cousin, who died in the service of his country he writes :

"I know my own sorrow when loved ones are taken away, and can readily sympathize with you. *Few*, *very few* Northern homes will be left without grief for loved ones, whom this war has sacrificed. Our national punishment is indeed great. The only way in which we can discern light amid this darkness, is by looking with faith upon the promises of the Gospel. Never was there a time when perfect trust in the Almighty was more needful, and if we will but exercise that trust, then will this day of trial be a furnace, out of which we shall come purified, and better fitted to enjoy future blessings."

Sept. 13, 1861. Speaking of his love of home he says :

"I was so very fortunate as to be possessed of parents who *never* clashed in sentiment, and, I can say *nothing* more *proudly* than that I had as good a home and parents as ever mortal was blessed with. *Never*, since I can remember was *a word* spoken harshly by one to the other, and though my misdemeanor sometimes called for such words upon me, (and when required they were sure to come,) yet I now can see the need there was of them, and thank God for the training of faithful Christian parents. My own home experience was so delightful that I can hardly have sufficient charity for the heads of some families I have since seen, and I have ceased to wonder, as I used to do, that some children never love to stay at home, and prefer the bar-room or saloon, if boys, and the rough life of a sailor to obedience to parents. My Mother! *Gentlest*, *dearest* name. I *can't describe* the living being ; you must *hear* her voice, low and clear, so full of sweetness to me, must *see* her countenance light up with smiles of love ; you must see her in pain, even, and in sorrow, must *know* of her deeds of love for me, and *all* that I have *seen* and *felt* from infancy of a mother's care.

I have known what a loss it was to be deprived of as good a father as ever lived, and the worth of such a parent no one can know until deprived of the blessing."

Aug. 4, 1861. "It seems to me like the Sabbath to-day, and I would that the morning might not pass so soon, for well I know that within this hour the camp will show naught to designate a day of rest. Bye-and-bye I shall imagine that I hear the church bell, and see the congregation slowly and reverently passing along the streets. Wish that I could join that throng and with them go to worship. Prize highly the inestimable privilege you now have in being permitted to attend upon the preaching of the Gospel, for if you are ever deprived of

this, 't will be as great a privation as you will wish. At such times pray for me, that in the midst of danger and surrounded with temptations, I may not forget to call upon the Father of us all, to do Him honor and reverence. This is a hard place for religion to flourish, and at the same time, 't would seem to be more necessary than in any other situation. It is only by constant care and watchfulness, aided by the quickening influence of the Holy Spirit, that I can hope to live as becomes a professed follower of Jesus, or as one who may very soon go to meet the Judge of all the world, to render to Him an account of every deed, whether done before the eye of man, or in the thick darkness of night; and every thought not only those that find expression from the lip, or in the countenance, but the most secret, hidden, just conceived idea, forgotten as soon as originated. When I think of the vastness of our sins in thought, it makes me shudder, and more than ever to bless and praise God that such a way has been provided for redemption, for of themselves, "Who shall be able to stand?"

Sept. 29, 1861. "This is a most beautiful day. Not a cloud obscures the clear blue from horizon to zenith: the early morning was uncomfortably cool, and overcoats were not one whit too heavy for comfort, but now, about noon, 'tis comfortable,—real silent, dreamy, soothing weather. A *quiet Sabbath!* It seems strange to me that we have *such* an one here to-day; but it is, despite the preparations making for bloodshed, the most quiet and pleasant Lord's day I have seen for a long time: hope the sermon this afternoon will be upon *the love of the Saviour* towards man, and of our duty to Him, and the unbounded thanks we owe for the precious gift of His blood. It does not seem as though any person *could* resist an earnest, fervent and *simple* appeal, when such a clear sky and beautiful sun is overhead, and so delicious an atmosphere is around. I am so much of a child that I *love simplicity*, and was never so much moved by, or do so well recollect any *sermon* spoken from the pulpit, as some simple words that the *trembling lips of a new-born soul has spoken at a prayer meeting;* words that were not pronounced with the accent of Webster, or connected by the rules of grammatical construction, but were spoken, O! *how feelingly.* I remember the thrill that ran through my veins at the time. He gave utterance to the *eloquence of his soul.*

Aug. 4, 1862. I must confess that it rather surprises me not to see more readiness in the men of the North to come forward and enlist *now* that they are *needed.* 'T is not strange that they dislike leaving comfort and ease, with friends and families at home, for the fatigues and perils of a soldier's life, but *some* one *must* "come over and help us," or the homes that now afford them so much happiness will soon be as desolate as the Peninsula of Virginia, that has for the last six months been swept over by the sword and fire. *Some one must go, then why not I?* ought, in my opinion, to be the only form of argument allowed in the brain of any true son of the North. Some of the soldiers who have obtained short furloughs and visited home, complain bitterly of their treatment from others beside personal friends. They are told to "go back where they belong," that "if they had been in their places the late reverses to us would not have occurred" I know of several instances where such language has been used at the North towards men who acted the *hero's* part all through the struggle until our safe arrival here, and who then were fortunate enough to obtain a fortnight's leave of absence during our time of inactivity. This kind of language, *insult* of the *meanest kind*, comes, too, from men who ought, by all the requirements of *manhood*, to be side by side with those they revile."

Oct. 16, 1861. "I am glad to see you so thoroughly imbued with Patriotism, and the time may come, as it has before, when on the women of the North will there be a tax laid, and they be called to surrender Fathers, Brothers, Husbands and Sons to fight for the *Cause of Right.* God grant that there may be no cause for this; that the number now in the field may be enough for asserting *Freedom triumphant.* Even now, there is weeping in many a household for a dear one never more to be met on earth, and yet there has been comparatively little fighting. It makes me very sad to think of the families now separated by this war, which will never more be united as a whole! One of our Company lost a daughter the past week, and her husband mourns for her in the 2d R. I. Regiment. *I* have lost a brother, and ere the close of the war, my mother may be grieved again at the loss of her first-born son. For her sake, I would that I might live, that I may be her support in the later years

of a life that has been spent for the comfort and good of her children. 'T is a fearful retribution that has fallen upon us for permitting the curse of slavery to rest so long upon the land. The tears and suffering of the poor slaves for more than two centuries are now to be expiated by the blood of their task masters, and those whose hands were idle to stop the sin. Efforts are now making to have us placed in the most advanced position of this army, and I hope they will be successful. I am willing, if it will help give the death-blow to slavery, to give my blood upon the field of battle. But a *host* is as *nothing* except the Lord be with us, therefore pray earnestly that my nerve may be steady, my arm strong, my eye keen to direct, and my courage may not fail me when the day for the contest approaches. The 'God of battles' *must* be our helper. His aid *must be invoked* or our cause is hopeless. With the Lord on our side, all the nations of the earth may rise up against us, and we shall escape unscathed."

March 9, 1862. "Spring is beginning to assert its rule with us. I have very much missed the usual winter enjoyments to which I have been accustomed heretofore, and perhaps for *me* they are gone *forever*. A week may not pass before my body shall return to dust, and my spirit stand in presence of its Judge. Spite of all the bravery and coolness a man may clothe himself with, it is not amiss for every soldier, at least when upon the eve of a probably bloody conflict, to consider his *future* existence, and hearts that will not flinch in the midst of falling shot and shell, may well tremble and pray earnestly in view of this. If I *know* my own soul, I can go to battle with a feeling of trust and faith that will be of greater service to me than any amount of *brute* courage; and earnestly do I pray that in the hour of need and peril, the arm of my Heavenly Father may be my support and strength. If you hear of the movement of this portion of the army, *pray* for me that as a Christian and Patriot, I may come out of the strife with honor, or meet my Father, to hear the words, 'Well done,' &c. I have not a glimmering of a doubt as to the final success of our arms, for *nothing* can overthrow the cause of *Truth* and *Liberty*. *God is upon that side*, and if '*He be for us, who can be against us?*'"

Nov. 20, 1862. Concerning Sabbath privileges, he writes: "If there is any one thing I envy your enjoyment of, 't is such Sabbath privileges as are now yours. The same day that I received your last letter I also received one from my mother and sister Nancie, and all three were praising the sermons heard that day, and all seemed to feel that God's Holy Spirit was in the congregation giving effect to the words spoken. You probably have learned ere this that I was marching that day from White plains to New Baltimore. I cannot say that I was *happy*. *Happiness* is something I have learned to dispense with in a great degree, and I think that I have learned *somewhat* to be *content* with what I receive. I never expect to be *happy* while a soldier; if I can restrain complaint and impatient words, I shall be satisfied. This war is to be waged to sustain a *principle*, and as such I can bear suffering and danger to bring it to a successful termination, but *happiness* I expect to see only in very different scenes and surroundings. But I *do hope* for happy days yet; I *hope* again to enjoy Sabbath privileges in New England; to sit once more at the table of our Lord,—or that being denied me, and my life required in a strange land, I hope, through the blood of my Saviour, for a *happy eternity* in the presence of all the inhabitants of Heaven, where I may meet those I loved on earth, and with them 'Sing unceasing praise to the God of our salvation.'"

Sunday, Sept. 28, 1862. "Have listened to the reading of the Scriptures, to prayer and preaching for the first time, this afternoon, in two months. It has been very still all day in camp, and a kind of solemn joy seemed afloat in the air as this beautiful grove was filled with the music of 'Ortonville' with the words 'Majestic sweetness sits enthroned,' &c. How could I help feeling *intensely* the sentiment,—

'Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love Divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.'

Who, I thought, in all that congregation, had received greater proofs of 'Love Divine' than myself! Was I not, two years since, feeble in constitution, and often sick in spite of the

care of friends? And now, for sixteen months, through His mercy, I have endured fatigue, care and exposure without harm, even gaining a strength of body and freedom from illness I had almost dispaired of previously. When danger has been nigh and seemingly not to be avoided or escaped, *His* mercy has turned it aside, and my path has led me onward unharmed. Ought I not to feel increased confidence in the promises of God, since He has so often heard and listened to my prayers. Nothing ever before made me so conscious of the Almighty's omnipresent controlling power over the acts, fortunes and lives of men. It seems as though times of apparent greatest peril and danger gave me the greatest faith that my petitions for deliverance would be granted. Our lives are in the hand of God. He can preserve me as safely on the battle field as in a pleasant home. Pray for me, that, whether living or dying, I may be prepared for Heaven, and found like a faithful steward, always mindful of his Master's business."

October, 1862. "In the mercy of God my blood has not yet been called for. Thousands more worthy of life, lie low upon the battle fields, while *I* am still safe from harm. Surely they who return from the war ought to be *patriots in life* of the *highest excellence* if our country is restored to its former integrity and harmony; for the blood of Patriot-Martyrs that has already consecrated anew every letter and word of the 'constitution and laws' of this once happy and peaceful land. Can it be that much more is to be shed? Apparently we are little nearer a peaceful solution of this vexed question than ever, and battles are yet talked of soon to come, even more bloody than their precedents. I think now, as I always have, that so long as man is owned by his fellow-man upon this soil, we can never again be a united country, and if I must remain here or run my risk in battling for the remainder of my three years, I had much rather do so than have another *slavery compromise* patched up. Just so sure as our God is a God of justice and mercy, He is not to allow a nation to thrive and increase with such a sin upon them. He has borne with us long and blessed us. He may do so again, but a *reckoning has come now*, and *will come again*, if the evil be not rooted out *entirely* from the land. Unless one can see *through* the cloud to the light of God's countenance, and believe that whatever becomes of us, *Right will triumph*, and Justice rule, tempered by Love. Unless one has faith in the Almighty as ruler of all the nations of earth, the aspect of every thing is *dark* at present, but *Hope* has not yet left *me*; the struggle may be long, but ultimate success seems certain for us. The fervent prayers of Christians will not fall unheeded round the Mercy Seat. Was every thing we desire gained by the mere *wish*, without struggle upon our part, it would be soon forgotten; but who will *lightly* estimate the blessings of Peace and Union when this strife shall terminate?"

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